

BIG 52 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL COLOR

Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

ROCKY LANE

WESTERN

Featuring His Stallion **BLACK JACK**

42

JAN.
10¢
VOL. 2

IN THIS ISSUE:
**THE TROUBLE
TRAIL!**







AND AT THAT MOMENT —

YOU SAY YOU HEARD BARRY MOORE — FROM CY BELL'S STORE? WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT RIGHT NOW!

BARRY HEARD 'EM, SHERIFF! I HUNGERS UP BETTER, BUT NOT PROMIS!

GEE — I THE SHERIFF! ROCKY IS IN TROUBLE!

THE SHERIFF'S TALKING TO HIM, BUT I CAN'T HEAR THEM THROUGH THE GLASS! ROCKY'S IN LOTS OF TROUBLE!

WHEN A YOUNG BOY LOBBY AND A MAN FROM THE LAW COME DOWN A HUNGRY TOWN —

I KNOW THAT! WHATEVER ROCKY DO, HE MUST'VE HAD A GOOD REASON! THE GUY TO HELP HIM! HIS MY FATHER — MY FATHER!

I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL TELL THE SHERIFF IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE! I'LL TELL HIM I SAW THAT STONE-KEEPER ATTACK ROCKY!

YES — THAT'LL CLEAR HIM!

SHERIFF — WAIT! I SAW IT ALL! ROCKY LANE'S NOT TO BLAME! HE COULDN'T HELP IT! — HONESTLY HE COULDN'T!

WHY...?

TIMMY!

ROCKY LANE CAN'T TO BLAME! THAT MAN ATTACKED HIM, I SAW IT ALL THROUGH THE WINDOW!

TIMMY... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

WAIT — LET THE BOY TALK, LANE!





"IT LOOKS AS IF SIX FIFTY DUMP IN 'PROBLE' AND ROCK TIMMY -- HE'S ONLY TRYING TO PROTECT ME IN HIS OWN WAY!"





SHERIFF, I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU! I LIED LAST NIGHT! I DIDN'T SEE ROCKY ARGUE WITH THE STONE-KEEPER! THEY WERE BANDITS! ROCKY TOLD YOU THE TRUE STORY!

CHANGED YOUR TUNE, EH, SON? GUESS LANE TOLD YOU WHAT HE WANTED SON TO SAY! SON, HIDE LIKE HAI, DON'T TALK!



AND NOW THAMY NEEDS HOW CAN HE LEAVE AN IDIOT THAT NOT EVEN THE TRUTH CAN SET A STRAIGHT! BUT YOU MUST BELIEVE ME, SHOW UP! ROCKY DIDN'T FIGHT WITH THE STONE-KEEPER! I MADE THAT UP ABOUT BRING IT!

ROCKY SON! LANE'S YOUR PAL! YOU CAN'T BE BLAMED FOR TRYING!



DESPERATE, JIMMY TRIES TO MAKE ONE UP WHO GOT ANOTHER... I'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM BELIEVE! MAYBE, IF I TELL HIM I SAW THE BANDITS, HE'LL BELIEVE ME!

I'M TELLING THE TRUTH THIS TIME SHERIFF! I-I SAW THE BANDITS!



WHO WERE THEY, IF YOU SAW THEM, SON? GIVE ME A DESCRIPTION OF THEM!

I... ER... I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY WERE! BUT I'D RECOGNIZE THEM IF I SAW THEM AGAIN! TO KNOW THEM ANYWHERE!



YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER! TELL SON! NOW GO ON HOME AND STAY AWAY FROM ROCKY! LANE UNTIL HIS TRIAL COMES UP!

I'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM BELIEVE ME! I'LL TRY EVERY-ONE! I SAW THE BANDITS, THAT I'D RECOGNIZE THEM! IF I CAN GET OTHERS TO BELIEVE ME, THE SHERIFF'LL LISTEN!



TIMMY FEELS TO SPREAD HIS LATEST FALSEHOOD! AND... I HEARD THAT TIMMY'S PLAYING WITH YOUNGSTERS GOING ALL AROUND BY TELLING THAT STORY! IT'LL GET BACK TO THE BANDITS AND THEY'LL BELIEVE IT ANYDAY PROBABLY!



THAT NIGHT... WHAT, MRS. G... TIMMY'S MESSAGE! THAT WAS A HEAP OF TROUBLE! HOW WHAT'S HE UP TO?

IT'S HAPPENED! THEY'VE GOTTEN TO HIM!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN









ROCKY LANE WESTERN





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REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Laine GYPSY NIGHTS



GREAT MONEY!
A NEGATIVE PARTY!
WE'LL GIVE A HUNT
TO THY FIGHTED!

BANG!



WHAT'S THE
IDEA, FLY
BAGGONTS?

I DON'T ASK FOR
BAGGONTS!
THAT WAS THE
WAY TO SETTLE
ANYTHING?



MAKES YOU'RE A FRIEND
OF BIG BANG? I'LL TEACH
YOU TO KEEP OUT OF
OUR BUSINESS!

I'LL TELL
YOU WHY
BURN!

SOCKS!



INJUSTICE IS MY BUSINESS,
PARTNER! ROCKY LAINE'S
THE NAME, AND SINCE YOU
WANT TO PLAY ROBBERS
HERE'S MY CARD!

OWOOO!

POW!





ROCKY LANE! HELP!
LEAVE! YOU DON'T WANT
TO SHOOT A UNITED
STATES MARSHAL!

NO BETTER
NOT TRY, PARTNER!
NOW WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?



I'M BEN THORPE—THORPE
REAL ESTATE COMPANY!
YOU'LL HAVE TO PARDON
MY HELPER, LENA! HE'S A
SAFE MOTHBRAY! WE'RE
ALL MIGHTY ANGRY AT THESE
OUTRAGES AND THE POLICE GOT
OUT OF HAND WHEN WE
NEEDED THEM!

OUTRAGES?
OUT HERE
IN THE
WEST?



YES! A BUNCH OF 'EM ARE
CAMPEE RIGHT OUTSIDE OF
TOWN. THEY WERE LEFT
STRANDED IN A TRAVELING
CARRIAGE THAT COLLAPSED!
EVER SINCE, THEY'VE
BEEN STEALING AND
ROBBING FROM THE
WHOLE COMMUNITY!

NO, NO!
THERE'S A
LIST WE
DO NOT
STEAL AND
ROB!



WELL, YOU—THAT RED BANDANA
OF YOURS TRAPPED YOU UP!
LAST ABOUT A DOZEN OF THESE
SCOUNDRELS MANAGED TO TAKE
AND FLIGHTY OF FOURS SAW
THIS WOMAN'S RED
BANDANA AS THEY
WALK OFF!

RIGHT, MARSHAL!
THEY ROBBED OUR WOMAN'S
CARRIAGE STORE. WE NEEDED
THE ONE WHEN HE HAD
THE NERVE TO COME
TO TOWN
TODAY!



AND INSTEAD OF TURNING
HIM OVER TO THE SHERIFF
FOR A TRIAL, YOU WERE
MISLEADING! BUT YOUR OWN
SPEAK OF JUSTICE! WELL,
I'M TAKING THIS MAN TO
JAIL! YOU CAN PRESENT
PROOF OF YOUR ACCUS-
ATIONS AT A TRIAL IN A
FEW DAYS!



AS YOU WISH, MARSHAL! BUT THERE
OTHERS NEED BE STOPPED! EVERYONE
KNOWS OUTRAGES ARE TRICKED!
THEY BRAGGART BY THE
BANDITRY HERE!

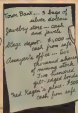
WELL, SEE
ABOUT THAT, THORPE!
I'LL VISIT THE OTHER
CAMP AND HAVE A
LOOK AROUND!



LATER THAT DAY, AT THE OTHER CAMP OUTSIDE
OF TOWN...

BUT WE ARE NOT TO BE BLAME
FOR ALL THESE ROBBERIES!
ON OUR HONOR,
WE SWEAR THIS!

BELIEVE US! YOU
ARE A FAIR MAN!
WE HEARD HOW
YOU RESCUED OUR
BROTHER, THORPE,
FROM THE MOB!











REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in THE LAST PLANK



Right when a built-in ladder suddenly collapses, Lane decides to look into the strange pull and finds the answers where death is... **THE LAST PLANK.**

UNDERCOVER MARSHAL ROCKY LANE BURNS THROUGH A BUNCH-BUSTLED TOWN ON THE WAY TO A SUDDEN...
CA-RASH!

GREAT GOSH, BLACK JACK! THAT HORSE -- IT'S SCREAMING TO COLLAPSE! GOSH!



THE WHOLE PLACE IS FALLING! THE GUY TO SEE IN A HORSE'S LAIR!





HELP! HELP ME!
(MY HUSBAND!)

NO!...ALL GETTING OUT!
GO ON BEFORE THE REST
OF THE PLACE FALLS!



I'LL HAVE HOLDINGS IN A
WHOLE MISTAKE! FIRST
WE'LL GET TWO TWO SIX-
FOUR BEAN OFF YOU!



HOW TO REACH FROM ME
BEFORE THE WHOLE PLACE
COMES DOWN!



MINUTES LATER...

OH--YOU DID
IT--YOU GOT
OUT!

GET IN THE CAR! YOU'D
GET OUT YOUR BEAN-
COARD MAN! I'VE GOT TO
GET YOUR HUSBAND TO A
DOCTOR, FRIEND!



CAROOM!



3 OOK, IN TOWN--

TAKE--TAKE THE MONEY WE'VE SAVED.
JURY...BY MARCH (SPEAKS FROM
MR. THOMAS) WE'VE NO GOT TO
BUILD A NEW HOUSE!

YES, TOO! I
WILL! I'LL GO WITH THE
MONEY. I'LL GOING
BETTER! I KNOW YOU WANT
TOO--THE GOD SAYS
YOU MUST!



ANYTHING I
CAN DO ABOUT
JUST SAY IT!

THANK YOU BUT
YOU'VE GONE
BUTTY SAVED
YOUR LIFE! WE'LL
HAVE TO USE OUR LITTLE
MONEY FOR NEW
LUMBER AND BUILD
AGAIN!



BUT WE'RE NOT THE ONLY
DASH WHO HAD TROUBLE!
LOOK AT OTHER SETTLES IN
THE REGION HAVE HAD THEIR
HOUSES COLLAPSE ON THEM!
WE'RE LUCKIER THAN SOME--
WE'RE BOTH ALIVE!

WELL!
I WAS GOING TO ASK
YOU WHY A NEW HOUSE
LIKE MINE'S SOOFTLY
COLLAPSED!



REMEMBER THE YELLOW THUNDER? I HUNG YOUR HUSBAND'S MOUNTAIN SOON A GOOD JOB OF BUILDING.

NO, ALL THE SETTLERS HAVE BUILT THEIR OWN HOMES! HE JUST SET FROM HIS! HE CHASED THE ALL NEAR HERE --- THE ONLY ONE I RAN BACK WITH ME! IF YOU LIKE, PLEASE, AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE HOUSE!



AND LOOK AFTER --- SEE --- THE WOOD SEEMS TO HAVE BOTTLED AWAY SLOWLY! AND IT WAS THE WOODS WOOD WHEN WE BOUGHT IT!

IT'S STRANGE, ALL RIGHT! GOOD WOOD DOESN'T ROT AWAY IN SO SHORT A TIME!



YOU SAID WE'D HUNG DOWN THE ROAD-WAY'S MOUNTAIN! WE HAD COLLAPSED A FEW MILES AGO! WE HAD OUTSIDE IT LOST!

THANK YOU, MAN! I'LL DO JUST THAT! THE SAME ONE WE PUTTED!



GOOD WOOD REACHES SO RIGHT'S LAND AND ---

I WON'T PAY IT, THANKS --- YOU HAVE TO BE OVERLOOKING EVERY BODY FOR YOUR LUMBER! IT'S HIGHER SOMEBODY!

YOU'LL PAY IT RIGHT! OR YOU WON'T GET ANY LUMBER. NO LUMBER --- AND YOU CAN'T HOLD!



YOU OWN THE ONLY LUMBER MILL AND CONTROL THE ONLY FOREST WHERE THE GOOD TREES ARE MOUNTAIN, BUT MY MOTHER COULD AN OTHER TREE FOR AN OWN LUMBER THAN BE BORROWED!

HOW, LATER, PLEASE! YOU WANT! TRY THAT AND YOU'LL BE TALKED TO PEOPLE! YOU'LL BUY FROM ME AT MY PRICE! --- OR, ELSE!



THE LUMBER MILL OWNERS STOOD OFF ROCKY INTRODUCING HIMSELF! AND ---

ROCKY LAKE! IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU! SECOND EVERYONE'S HEARD OF YOU! SURE, BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU LOOK AT WHAT'S LEFT OF AN HOUSE!



MINUTE AFTER ---

THIS WOOD WAS BOTTLED AWAY JUST AS AT THE THUNDER'S HOUSE! AND YOU SAY IT WAS FINE WOOD WHEN YOU BOUGHT IT! A MOUNTAIN! I REMEMBER THE JUST LOOK INTO THIS A LITTLE MORE! --- IT'S SURE A PLEAS!

THANKS, MOTHER! EVERYONE IN THIS REGION WILL APPRECIATE IT!

AND BOOM, BOOM! BOSS OFF!

ALL AHEAD INTO THE WOODS WHERE THE TREES ARE THAT PURISH THE LUMBER FOR THESE WOODS. THE PULPER I EXAMINED DON'T LOOK AS IF TERMITES WERE IN THEM, BUT I CAN'T BE SURE. IF THE TREES IN THE WOODS HAVE SOME OF BOTH, MAYBE IT IS SOME NEW TINY TERMITES!



BUT I'LL WAIT TILL TOMORROW BEFORE LOOKING AROUND THE WOODS! MANY WAYS OF TERMITES AND HORNS COME OUT ONLY AT NIGHT!



SAY NIGHT IN THE HEAVY FOREST!

I'VE LOOKED AT A LOT OF TREES NOW AND THEY ALL SEEM VASTLY HEALTHY! THERE IS NOTHING I CAN SEE EXCEPT THE ORDINARY NIGHTMARE OF THE WOODS!



IT SUDDELY--

A BOOM! IT CAME FROM JUST AHEAD! I'LL TAKE A LOOK RIGHT TO!



HOLD ON THERE--!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



SOMEONE'S COMING!

WHEE! YOUR BUSINESS WHAT WE'RE DOING!



WE'LL BE GOING TO MAKE IT BY SUNDAY, RIGHT QUICK!

I DON'T HANKER TO HAVE LEAD THROWN AT ME, BRABY!



BOOM!



YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM... PUSHER! HE'S READY TO TORNLE.

YES... THESE ARE ODDS.

WELL...!



AAAA! I MOVED JUST IN TIME!

CRASH!



THEY GAVE THE CRITTERS A CHANCE TO GET AWAY.



THIS TREE WAS ABOUT CRASHED THROUGH... JUST READY TO BE TOPPLED! WHY THAT MUST MEAN... HOLD EVERYTHING I'D BETTER LOOK AT THAT HORROR SNIP BY THESE MOUNTAINS!



SECOND LATER--

YES, IT'S SO WEIRD! THE YOUNG BRANCH, HE'S SPOOKED! BUT IT'S ONLY A SILENT TREE! IT'S PLANNED COME TO THE WOODS TO CHOP DOWN SOME TREES AND GET HIS OWN LOGS! BUT HE WAS STOPPED!



THE GROUND'S COVERED WITH THESE CHIPS OF WOOD MADE BY THE JAW ME AN' CRASHED DOWN AT THE TREE TRUNK! AND THIS AFTERNOON I HEARD TRAILER. THE OLD GRASS, WASN'T HIS TO TRY TO DESTROY ONLY LAMBS!



JUST THEN ROCKY'S HEAD EVER DETECT ANOTHER KIND OF WOOD CHIP ON THE GROUND--

BY JAWN! THERE ARE MORE CURLED WOOD SHAVINGS ON THE GROUND GO--







ROPING 'N' RIDING With

ALLAN "Rocky" LANE
AND BLACK JACK

4024 NORTH RANFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Howdy, Pards,

THE OTHER MORNING I WAS OUT IN THE BACK CORRAL, CURRYING BLACK JACK, WHEN I HEARD THE MAILMAN'S SHOES GOING DOWN RUMBLING UP THE TRAIL TOWARD MY PLACE AND I DROPPED THE BRUSH AND WENT OUT TO MEET HIM. HE HAD A BIG BAG FULL OF LETTERS FOR ME, AND I TOOK THEM BACK TO THE CORRAL AND PICKED UP THE CORRY-BRUSH AND GOT BACK TO THE CHORE AT HAND, FEELING MOSTLY GOOD AND FEELING IT WOULD GET THE CURRYING OVER WITH AND START READING ALL THOSE LETTERS FROM TOO PARDS OF OURS.

NOW BLACK JACK LIKES PLENTY OF CURRY SASSAGE I MIXED IN WITH HIS CURRYING IN THE MORNING AND IT SEEMS HE HADN'T GETTING IT. MY MIND WENT ON WHAT I WAS DOING, I RECKON IT WAS ON THOSE LETTERS I WAS CHAFING AT THE BIT TO READ. WHAT DID BLACK JACK DO? HE JUST TURNED HIS HEAD AND GAVE ME A LONG LOOK AND THEN THREW HIS WEIGHT AGAINST THE BRUSH. I TOOK THE HINT PRONTO AND COULDN'T HELP BUSTING OUT IN A GEM AS I PUT MY MIND BACK ON WHAT I WAS DOING AND WHILE I WAS CURRYING BLACK JACK DOWN WITH THE LONG, POWERFUL STROKES HE LIKES, I GOT TO THINKING ABOUT HOW PLUMP FULL OF HOSE BRUCE BLACK JACK IS AND HOW A HEAP OF FOLKS COULD PROFIT BY TAKING A PAGE OUT OF HIS BOOK.

WHEN SOME THINGS DON'T GO JUST THE WAY THEY SHOULD TO SUIT A LOT OF US, SOME FOLKS SIT BACK AND GRUMBLE ABOUT THE BREAKS AND SUCH BEING DEAD AGAINST THEM. BLACK JACK DOESN'T PAY ANY MIND TO SUCH POOLY WY NOTIONS. NO, SIR! NOT BLACK JACK. HE BELIEVES IN DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT--PRONTO! AND THAT, PARDS, IS WHAT COUNTS. SO JUST REMEMBER THAT, PARDS, WHEN THINGS AREN'T GOING JUST THE WAY THEY SHOULD. SHUCKY I JUST REMEMBERED IT'S TIME TO CURRY BLACK JACK AGAIN AND THIS TIME HE'S GOING TO GET A CURRYING.

SO LONG FOR NOW, PARDS, AND TILL OUR TIMES CROSS HERE AGAIN NEXT MONTH, BE GOOD TO ONE ANOTHER.

YOUR PARDS,

Allan "Rocky" Lane

AND BLACK JACK JJ





THERE'S A

Surprise

NOVELTY
IN EVERY BOX

IT'S FUN TO COLLECT
CRACKER JACK
NOVELTIES

Cracker Jack

IT'S CRACKER JACK
POPCORN WITH PEANUTS

THE MORE YOU EAT... THE MORE YOU WANT



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VIDEO**

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FINGER MAN

By John Martin



MATT SLOANE nudged his partner Cass Hardin. Cass spurred his horse forward as Matt pointed.

"Down there?" he asked in his harsh, grating voice, pointing the town that lay sleeping in the cold, clear light of western stars. "Doesn't look like much," he concluded.

Sloane grinned. "There's at least twenty thousand in cash in old Jud Codge's safe."

"Too figuring to blow that hammer?" Cass Hardin was doubtful.

Matt spurred his horse down the slope toward the village impatiently. "We'll make Codge open it for us!"

Cass looked at his partner with admiration as they stared suddenly down into the little Nevada valley town.

"You know, Matt, I've got to hand it to you. You're a clever heebler."

Matt glanced at his companion, a strange glint of deadly humor gleaming behind his eyes. "Stick with me, Cass, and you'll wind up a rich man!"

Cass chuckled. "I'm sticking, Matt! I'm sticking."

They eyed the twinkling lights of the village's lone saloon.

"We'll skirt the beer joint," Matt remarked, pushing his eyes against Cass's. The two mounts passed quietly behind the saloon. As they passed, merry voices carried out a chorus of *As I Walked Out in the Streets of Laredo*. They heard the tinkling sound of a tinless piano.

The horses jogged on, their hoofs slapping almost accidentally on the fine powder of the side street.

"Say, Matt," Cass began curiously.

"Yes!"

"How'd you ever hear of this old Jud Codge? Ever see him?"

"Can't say I have," Matt replied. "A pal in Dodge City gave me a tip on Jud. He was heading north fast with a pile of greenbacks and didn't have the time. That's why I called you in on the job!"

Cass smiled, pleased. He was a small-time operator and to be picked as a partner by the well-known Matt Sloane was a compliment not to be sneered at.

"There it is," Matt said suddenly, as they came in sight of a house at a street intersection.

At the house they dismounted, tethered their mounts and slid quietly into the alley between the house and a big stable. Matt led the way. They came to a rear door. It was

locked, but Matt was well-prepared for such emergencies. He took a small strip of steel from his pocket and inserted it between the door jamb and the jamb flange.

Matt grunted with the effort. He hove down on the strip of steel and suddenly there was a muffled grating sound. Matt stepped back confidently.

"Push it in," he remarked laconically.

Cass laid a hand on the door, expending some resistance. The door slid open suddenly.

Matt took one look and sprang inside. At the end of the passage stood an old man dressed in a nightshirt and sleeping cap. A gun appeared in Matt's hand magically, leveled at the man, spare figure in white.

"Easy, Pop," Matt said quietly. "It's a stickup! Don't try any tricks!"

The old man, startled at first, smiled quietly. "I heard the hammer ticking on that hogleg," he said. "I don't aim to buy a one-way ticket to Boot Hill just yet."

"That's sensible, Pop," Matt rejoined. "You know where your safe is—take the lead, Pop."

The old man hesitated for just an instant. Then, gravely, he moved into a room off the corridor.

"Your office, eh?" asked Matt, following with Cass Hardin.

"That's the place to usually keep a safe," Jud said. "You going to blow her?"

"Come on, Pop, get some sense!" Matt asserted. "We're not going to open it. You are!"

Jud Codge shrugged his shoulders helplessly. He moved forward, bumping into Cass Hardin, who jerked back, alarmed.

"What's the matter, Pop?" demanded Hardin, his harsh voice rasping through the silence.

"Nothing, nothing. You just get in my way, that's all!"

"Open that safe, Pop!" growled Cass.

For answer, Jud Codge bent down before the big steel safe, feeling its top fondly. His grating old hand closed smoothly over the dial and it began to spin.

Matt and Cass watched the old man.

"Hurry up!" Cass ordered, testing a strange tension prickling his skin.

"I'm getting there," Jud replied.

The door fell open. Shaking the old man aside, Matt Sloane and Cass Hardin emptied the contents. They counted the cash quickly.

"Twenty-five thousand!" Matt murmured. Then he lugged the safe shut, covering the cash

in his pockets.

"Let's knock him off," Cass suggested, seizing the opportunity of his gaze.

"I never murdered a man yet," Matt Stone murmured dryly. "And I'm not aiming to now. Tie him up in that chair!"

"Thanks," said Jud Cedge eagerly.

Cass found a length of rope in the kitchen. Together, he and Matt Stone secured the old man to a small cooking stove. When they had finished they stepped back.

"Be long, Pop," Matt said.

"Yeah, talk it easy," rasped Cass.

"Enjoy yourselves," Jud said. He chuckled. Cass glanced at Matt meaningfully.

"You're making a bad mistake," he said.

"My advice is to plug him!"

"You got any objections, Cass?" Matt asked affably. "Or am I still the boss?"

"You're the boss," Cass said solemnly.

They went out, closing doors behind them. Under the cold, clear moonlight, they mounted their horses and rode back the way the came. Cass waited until they had passed the saloon. Then he began to feel safer, and he also began to think. He had begun his association with Matt Stone with enormous respect, born largely of Matt's reputation. But what he had seen clearly indicated Matt had lost his touch. Leaving a man alive who had laid eyes on both of them was fatal. Involuntarily his hand stole toward his holstered slugs and he smiled.

About a mile out of the village, Matt Stone reined his horse southward. He rode on for a few paces, then noticed that Cass Hardin wasn't following.

"This is the trail, Cass," he began.

Cass had already drawn. He fired twice with a steady, determined hand. Matt plucked out of his saddle and hit the ground with a dull thud—dead.

Cass wasted no time. He tossed Matt's guns into the brush, locked his eyes down the thickly wooded trail and emptied Matt's pockets of the loot. Leaving the body buried under a pile of brush where it wouldn't be found for at least several days, Cass rode back to the village.

The saloon was still wide open when he passed it, his horse joggling quietly down the side street Matt had shown him. Cass dismounted, thinking to approach Jud Cedge's house on foot. He tied his horse at a random

post, his intention being to throttle the hoarse old man and then hit the north trail out of town. With Jud Cedge and Matt Stone dead, no one would possibly know who had committed the robbery. He would be absolutely safe, because he wasn't known in the region and his arrangements with Matt Stone being undiscovered had been, of course, private between them.

Cass took one step toward Jud Cedge's house and froze solid as a figure in flapping white, the ends of ropes trailing behind it, came out into the night and fired a bagley hailstorm. Instantly, the singing in the saloon behind him ceased and about fifty men rushed out and enveloped him in their rush toward old Jud Cedge who came stumbling down the street. Cass cursed the hastily-drawn knife that had allowed the old man to escape.

Jud quickly explained the matter to the mob. Cass Hardin, caught in the crowd that surrounded Jud, was pressed close to the old man. He tried to slip quietly away, and trod heavily on a man's foot. The man reconstituted and Jud said, "Sorry, stranger, my fault. Guess I didn't look where I was going!"

"Who did it, Jud?" asked one of the men.

Jud, whose attention had been suddenly aroused, was hawking, bird-like. He swung a hand and pointed a firm finger straight at Cass Hardin.

"He did," Jud said. "That's the hombre! I'd recognize that voice anywhere! But there were two of them!"

CASS made one convulsive effort to escape, but he was quickly seized. The men who had hands on him found the stolen money and then it all came out about Matt Stone. Cass seemed to feel that by throwing the blame on Matt Stone he could take the crime off himself. But the sheriff who had been voted out of bed didn't take it that way.

Cass boomed: "It'd have been all right," he said, "if I hadn't come back into town to get rid of Jud. I never thought he'd get loose and see me!"

"See you?" chuckled the sheriff as he clipped handcuffs on Cass. "Jud didn't see you. He just recognized your voice because his sense of hearing is mighty sharp! Jud's been stone blind for thirty years!"

THE END



ROOY LANE WESTERN



BLACK JACK'S Hitching Post

THE PACEMAKER IS A THOROUGH-BRED AND GETS THE VERY BEST OF ATTENTION AND CARE. HIS FOOD IS CAREFULLY PREPARED—GOOD GRASSES, BLUE-JOINT GRASS AND PLENTY OF FRESH VEGETABLES AND FRUIT. BACKSTRESS ABOUT ROCKY AGE MUSTANG AGE—THEN AGE TRAINED!



THEY GO TO SCHOOL WHERE THEY ARE TAUGHT TO BREAK FAST AND HUG THE SAIL, SO THEY'LL HAVE GOOD IN A RACE. THE PACEMAKER IS A SPECIALIST; HE IS TRAINED TO DO ONE THING—WIN RACES!



BUT THE PACEMAKER'S FOOD IS HIS BIRTH DIFFERENTIAL. HE'S ALWAYS BEING TO MEET A STORM CHALLENGED BY AN EVEN FOOTING, AND MAY THE BEST MAN OR BROOD MARE, AND NO MUSTANG WHO WINS HE'S STILL PLAINS INDEPENDENT!



THE MUSTANG DOESN'T NEED SPECIAL FOOD. IT'S PLAIN ASLE TO TAKE CARE OF ITSELF!



THE MUSTANG IS NO SPECIALIST! HE CAN RUN ALL DAY AND WALK THE NIGHT—CUT OUT CATTLE IN A SLIPPER LEAD—THEN A HIS CERRY STEEDS AND DOWNED ANYTHING A CORNER CAN TRICK OF.



THE MUSTANG IS AN ALL AROUND HAND AND THAT'S THE HIGHEST COMPLIMENT YOU CAN FOR ANYONE ON THE RANGE, I BELIEVE!



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR



Rocky Lane

in
TRADERS IN DECEIT!

When matrimony and happiness should hold sway, but instead there is only silent anger and fear, who knows that such love can only cry: Rocky Lane finds the answer to set things right when he uncovers the....

TRADERS IN DECEIT!



FACEBOOKING MARSHAL
ROCKY LANE RIDES THROUGH
FOREIGN HUMAN COUNTRY
ONE DAY...

SOMETHING'S WRONG!
IT'S HAPPIEST TIME AND
THIS REGION IS LOCALLY
FILLED WITH JOYFUL
PEOPLE, PREPARING FOR
FESTIVAL AND CELEBRATION...



BUT I'VE MET NO ONE
ROUND ONLY A STRANGE,
COWBOY BALANCE: THE
COUNTRYMAN HAS A
CAMP MAN, WHO... I
RECKON I'LL
PAY A VISIT
THERE!



BUT SURELY...

WHAT...??





ENTER AT THE HOAR CAMP



JUST THEN, ROCKY SEES A SHADON MOVE IN THE DARKENING DUNGLAND





LATER, AFTER DARK, ROCKY REACHES THE NAGOWA TRIBE'S HEADQUARTERS AND...





MY--(SIGH)
--MY LIFE
WAS SEPALED.
TOO!

BUT YOUR EYES ARE NOT
SEPALED AGAINST TRADERS!
HOWEVER, NO ONE WILL
BREAK OF THE TRADERS
THAT IS UPON THIS CAMP! I
GO ON MY WAY!



WAIT--
WAIT,
PLEASE!
I WILL
SPEAK
TO YOU--
MY HEART
IS TOO
FULL!

WARR, BLACK
JACK! IT'S
THE INDIAN
GIRL WHO
WAS CRYING!

I AM CALLED LITTLE STAR,
AND I WISH TO MARRY A FINE,
YOUNG BRAVE BOON; A GREAT
GIRL IS GOOD! BUT NOW
THERE WILL
BE NO
MANY WILL
DE AND
I FEAR
FOR MY
BRIDE.

I UNDERSTAND
LITTLE STAR!
WAS ALWAYS
CLEVER, HEARTY
HEARTS! BUT IS
THIS WAR AGAINST
THE SETTLERS?

NO AGAINST THE
SETTLERS! (IT IS
AN AFFAIR OF HONOR
BETWEEN THE TRADERS
-- THAT IS WHY IT WAS
FORGOTTEN TO SPEAK
OF IT TO OUTSIDERS.)
ONLY IN BATTLE CAN WE
BE SETTLED. THE
COUNCIL HAS SAID!
MANY FINE WERE
STOLEN FROM OUR
STOREHOUSE. EVIDENCE
SHOWS IT WAS THE
NATIONS!

WE ACCUSED
THEM OF THE
CRIME! THEN THEY
ACCUSED US OF
STEALING FURS
FROM THEIR
STOREHOUSE!
MANY WILL DIE
BECAUSE TRADERS
HAVE BEEN KILLING
GIRLS TO BOTH
TRIBE!

BUT NO ONE IS
SUPPOSED TO
KILL GIRLS TO
THE TRADERS!
GIRLS WERE
GONE WARR!



BUT TRADERS HAVE
BROUGHT MANY GIRLS!
I FEAR I--(CHOKES)--
WILL NEVER MARRY THE
WARRDOW! (IN
BATTLE ON HIGH PLAIN
AT NOON TOMORROW!)

NOON, ON I GO
BACK TO CAMP! TELL
NO ONE YOU SPOKE
TO ME! I TRY TO
STOP THE FLOODING
WARR! (BUT I MUST
NOT GO TO
SETTLE EVEN A
GIRL OF HONOR!)



LITTLE STAR RISES OFF AND ROCKY TURNS
TO MOUNT BLACK JACK WHEN SUDDENLY--



GOT HER, BOSS! LUCKY WE
WERE BRACKING THE LAST
SHERMAN TONIGHT!

COVE!

PROPOSING LATTER, BUCKY HARRIS TO SHED

BOAT! THERE ARE FIVE THE
 CHANGING! WE GOT SOME
 FOR THE NACONAS TOO!
 AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
 STOP THE WAG—THE DE
 SIGNED TO LASTING
 DO NOT TO TAKE PLACE
 MOUNT TOWNSHIP

NOW I SEE, YOU
WANT TO BE THE
BLACK CAT OF THE
TOWN. WELL, YOU'RE
WELLING YOUR
WINGS, BUT THEY
AREN'T GOING TO
GROW.

THE
TOWN
ON

PRETTY SMART
REMARKS, I MUST
SAY. BUT I'M
SURE NO
ONE WOULD
WANT TO
CARE
OF THE
WINGS I WENT
UP AT THE
CITY.

THE SAYS, DON'T
WEAR JUST TEACHERS
HELPING THEM OUT—
"HOWEVER I THINK
WAS TO THE POINT."
IT IS A LONG WORKOUT
WILL BEACH IT BACK
WILL BE THE LAST.

LETTER ON THE LOVE OF THE EARTH



AT LAST,
THERE IS THE
LAST DOWN-
TOWN GUY!

THAT'S ONE
CHANGE. THE
HOLD MAN, IS
SITTING DOWN
ON THE
CLOUDS. I CAN
SEE THE HOLD
IN THE
MID. THEY SEND
A STREAM OF
WATER INTO THE
AIR WHEN THE
HOLD MAN IS
STEERING HIM.

INSTANTLY THE SORT CLAN
CAME TO A STAND, ON
WATCH FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

FR. WOODWARD / FR. GARDNER AND
 THOMAS MACDONALD / E. MACDONALD,
 NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

CRACK

THIS WILL KNOCK ENOUGH
WIND OUT OF YOU TO HOLD
YOU STILL! I WANTED MY
BROTHER SHOWN ON A
SHARP ROCK!



AND MINUTES LATER---

HOW TO PICK UP BLACK
JACK AND TELL THE TRIBES
CHIEFS THE TRUTH! YOUR
BROTHER WOULD BE EXPECTING
YOU RIGHT AWAY!
SAY NO!



QUICKLY AFTER ROCKY TALKS
TO RED BOY---

BUT GUESS RED BOY
WOULD GO TO BE-
LIEVE ME! THE
TRAILERS WOULD BE
GONE! THEY WOULD
TALK ME! THEY
WOULD IT AND THEY
ALREADY WILL BE THE
FINAL DECISION!

NO, ROCKY
LAKE--YOU
MADE UP
STORY ONLY
BECAUSE YOU
WANT PEACE!
YOUR HEART
IS GOOD BUT
OUR HEART
IS AT STAKE!



YOUR EFFORTS WIN OUR APPRECI-
ATION, BUT NOW FOR YOUR
SAFETY, GO! WHEN BATTLE IS
JOINED, I CAN PROTECT NO ONE
SAFELY!



I CAN'T MAKE
HIM BELIEVE. I'M
TELLING THE TRUTH!
HE IS HERE THE
OTHER TRIBE IS AT
A FAULT! I DECIDE
TO GET THE
SAME REACTION
FROM THE
NATION. I'VE
NOT TO FIND
A WAY TO CON-
VINCE THEM
OF THE
TRUTH!

I WON'T ASK THEM, EITHER! I
HATED THEM TELL THE TRAVELING
CARRIAGE TO WAIT THEM AT THE
CARRIAGE! IT CAN'T BE TOO FAR
FROM HERE! COME ON BLACK
JACK--WE'VE SOME SEARCH-
ING TO DO!



FINALLY AFTER HOURS OF SEARCHING---

AT LAST--BLACK
JACK---THIS IS THE
CARRIAGE! THERE IS
THEIR WAGON!



AND HERE THE CASE---

HE'S ALWAYS A
SLOW ONE, BOSS.
ANYWAY, BOSS,
THEIR REAR-
END WILL BE KILL-
ED BY
OTHER JUST AS
HE PLANNED!
WE CAN'T LOSE
NOW!







SPECIAL OFFER!

**YOU...
CAN GET
'ROCKY'S'**



**PICTURE WITH "BLACK JACK"
AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY!**

SEND FOR IT TODAY!

Include this coupon and \$2.00 for one **LARGE** photo of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" autographed to you personally.

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